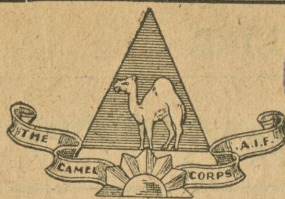


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THE Link



A Weekly Circular Letter linking Queenslanders at Home and at the Front.

Phone 839

Subscription, 3/3 half year posted.

Editor: J. CRAMPTON ANDREWS, late of 3rd Bd. M. Gun Coy.

Box 493, Brisbane

Vol. I.—No. 20.

BRISBANE, NOVEMBER 1st, 1917.

PRICE, One Penny.

In case you didn't get last week's "Link," we
want you to get Mabel Hall's "Young Australia."



We are reprinting it in three numbers to make
sure you get one.

THE LINK. Xmas 1917

GENERAL LAUNDRY, GANGES STREET, WEST END.

Pte. W. J. Stuart (Late 9th Battalion),

ALL WASHING CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED.

MENDING DONE.

CHESTNUTS.

There is nothing so conducive to fine writing as to get a writing pad and pen, and sit down in the Club and begin. At present there are three Lighthorsemen, two original Ninth, a Twenty-fifth, a Twenty-sixth, a Fifteenth, and some others I can't remember (they haven't their colours up). They are helping me with suggestions for "The Link," and there never was such a fine crop of chestnuts gathered. Jack has just contributed one about a man who had a bet with another that he could jump off the top of the "Courier" building. The stakes were a fiver each, the performer went to the top and jumped, but when he was half-way down the man in the street called, "The bet's off!" so the performer turned around and went back!!

Colin has just been telling that a door knob is the best souvenir he has brought back. He says he was just going into an estaminet and had the door knob in his hand, when a shell came and blew the whole concern away, and left him standing with the knob in his hand.

Stewart was telling us a fine story about some well trained cattle dogs of his, Bluey and Flossie. He gave Bluey a new collar and Flossie sulked until one day he dropped a pound note, and couldn't think what had become of it until in the evening Flossie came running to meet him with a brand new collar and five shillings change in her mouth.

John becomes reminiscent. "We were four of us out one night in Belgium, we'd heard of a place where you could get some pheasants so we goes along about dusk to a field place with thick woods around it. We didn't get no pheasants, so presently one goes an' sticks a Capstan tobacco tin on a deserted dugout, and we puts up a few franc each, on our own shootin'. We pops away and hadn't moved it, when out comes a fat major. We just looks and then altogether off for our lives. The flamed hole wasn't deserted.

Presently we looks around and seen 'im just vanishin' into the timber. He was going faster than us, the other way, and then we stops and everyone blamed the other for losin' 'im

the chance of a V.C. We could have easily just winged 'im and then sheparded 'im fer awhile an' carried 'im in on our backs. "It was a chance don't come our way every day, an' so I 'ad to come 'ome without my V.C.

Now, boys for whom the "Link" is written, can't you send me along something that I need not keep reciting, "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree."

Our military medallist has some stories, but he always tells them when I'm not here, and the sergeant tells his with the Scotchman away in the corner, with a lady friend who gives him orders. Some day I'll get near and listen, and then there'll be some more chestnuts.

FASHION NOTES.

Dear Chaps,—

There is a threatened shortage of pins; whatever the girls will do I don't know, some of them anyhow, pearl buttons are getting dear. There'll be nothing for it soon except to make things that slip over the head and can't get away from their moorings, unless they bust. There seems to be getting less cotton and silk in the world than ever, every month; the materials get thinner. If I was a girl I'd be getting nervous, but they don't seem to bother about the future.

All the frocks are trimmed with long stitches of something that isn't any relation to the frock itself, it saves on the trimming bill, but must take an accurate eye to keep the stitches the same age. Stockings are getting thinner than ever. They haven't been really thick all the winter, but now you're never quite sure if its legs or stockings, until you look twice, which you seldom fail to do. The war is teaching the fair creatures many useful lessons in saving. I notice lots of veils; you know the sort I mean, that wave all over the back of their hats and act as flags, so you can pick out your own sister half a block away. Well, they are cutting up one old one to sew around the edge of another this year; it has a fine effect. You couldn't miss a blue and pink or yellow and green one if you once learned to know it. They're useful, too, in-

Write your letter on blank page.

stead of hats at night. Ears are quite out of fashion now, only old ladies seem to have any. Bunches of hair of different sorts take their place.

I saw a wonderful bit of hairdressing the other day. The hair fell down over the ears and also round the top of her neck, but it didn't get any further, although there seemed to be a good deal of it. I don't suppose anyone except the lady's husband will ever know how it stopped where it did.

By the way, you must wear some Battalion colours in a ring these days, or you will be thought to be a Sinn Feiner, or a neutral.—Yours dinkum,

THE FASHION EXPERT.

FROM A DECK CHAIR.

Good day to you, comrades at home and abroad, "Nellie R.", "May and Ethel C.", "R.J.S." and "Peter Pan." Thank you for letters and kind enquiries. I suppose I shall soon be leaving the deck chair, at times anyhow. There is a brand new pair of crutches, a great improvement on the old ones. They are going to carry me down street, and all over the place presently.

An old mate of the 9th, sends me a few Social Notes. He says Mr. M'Alpine, his neighbour, has left the town residence, he recently occupied. It is generally believed that his landlord had something to do with helping Mr. M'Alpine to move.

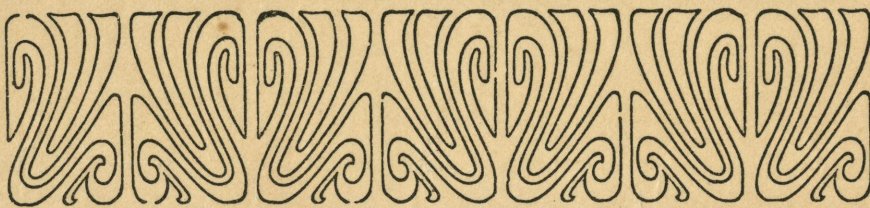
Mr. M'Alpine is widely known in his district for keeping a special breed of fowls, that by the simple expedient of removing a paling at night, between his own and his neighbour's gardens, he was able to keep his chooks in good condition. He has three neighbours, and the gross takings of early worms from the three gardens has kept M'Alpine's egg-producers in good form. These are a specially valuable breed for while they invariably go out to feed, they come home to lay.

There is a great deal of excitement over the news of some hundreds of soldiers' wives returning. However difficult the boys found it to get girls here, the English and Scotch lassies have rushed to make up the deficiencies. Now, girls, its no use getting vexed about it. You can't blame us if the lassies from Blighty are more easily pleased than you were.

I only hope these ladies who are coming out to be wives of station owners won't find the supply of stations less than they believed.

Mr. Joseph Burke, who has been staying for a number of years at his island home in





We are taking the opportunity of sending with this week's "Link" an extra copy of the soldiers' paper, asking that you will show it to some friend likely to be interested in our scheme for letting each of our boys have a copy of the home paper printed for him at home. We are taking this step because so many of you have written like a little friend from the North, "Will you please send me two copies because I send mine to the front, and I want one to show to friends."

We are always glad to hear from our subscribers, and will promptly send a sample copy of "The Link" to any name and address sent in.

THE EDITOR.



Returned Soldier, certificated driver, would like position as motor driver, steady.—R. LIGHTFOOT, "Mapleton," Barlow Street, Clayfield.

the bay, recently came to town. He met his friend, Mr. Scully, and they went to lunch together. Mr. Burke has been devoting his time almost wholly to making a fine garden on St. Helena, and has not been interesting himself in passing events, but Mr. Scully was very much surprised when on remarking on the "dreadful war," his friend said, "Good evens, Bill! You don't mean to say old Kruger's goin' still."—Yours,

CRUTCHES.

FROM AN ADELAIDE CORRESPONDENT.

One gets past marvelling at the ready response to all requests for donations to patriotic funds. The Navy League appeal for the sailors on Friday last, October 19, brought in £4500. It was a great day in the city, when everyone was out to empty their pockets on behalf of our unspeakably brave seamen. The Navy League "Market" presided over by the ladies committee, made £1500. The stallholders, who began business at 8 a.m., served unceasingly by the rush of customers, who simply tumbled over one another to secure their particular fancy. It was made possible to sell the goods at reasonable prices, and the contributions came in from the country districts with characteristic generosity. Mr. Alec. McCulloch presented a Welsh pony, which was sold by auction on the Bugler system and realised £340. Lady Galway attended the sale and was presented with a souvenir in the form of a silver hunting horn. The men of the naval reserve marched through the streets and were entertained at the Cheer-up Hut. The men in khaki were also taking part in the day's proceedings, the returned soldiers being particularly keen in adding to the fund for the men of the senior service. Mr. Harry L. Jessop, who organised the Commercial Travellers' Concert Party, is leaving for England shortly in the interests of his firm (Messrs Goode and Co.), and at a farewell tended to him last week was congratulated on having raised £4000 for patriotic purposes. Adelaide is very proud of itself just now. Our first lady lawyer was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of South Australia, the applicant (Miss Mary Cecil Kitson) who has a very charming personality, is a daughter of Inspector Kitson of the police force. Adelaide women will watch her career with interest. It is good to see the woman's spheres widening



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out in all directions, making all things possible for our sisters of to-morrow. The Women's Non-party Association held a Women's Parliament, when one of the questions asked without notice was, "Is it the intention of the Government to impose a tax on spinsters above a certain age?" The reply was prompt, "No; because the salaries at present paid to women are too low to admit of taxation." (Cheers from the spinsters, and cries of "Order," from the Speaker). The men in the audience, though few in number spent a profitable evening being greatly impressed with the ability of the speakers.

The Industrial Club had a benefit trip in the "Kooopa" on Thursday night last. It was a fine night, and everyone seemed to enjoy it. The Girls' Committee worked well, as they always do. Ex-Private Stewart sold his favourite hound towards the funds, thus raising 7s. 6d. He auctioned it himself. It was very touching, the faithful beast having been made the day before in the Industrial Club, by the clever fingers of Miss French. Whoever is the owner of Fido now, we hope they will be kind to it, the dog being a general favourite in the Club. Mrs. Foster can make sweets, and Miss Mactaggart is to be congratulated on winning and distributing them. Mrs. Lucy did well with her raffles, and Messrs. Reed, Stewart, Donald did well with their leather Kewpies. The Club Kewpie is substantial, if not beautiful. The stock ran out at the commencement of the trip.

The A.I.F. Band was in attendance, and helped to make a pleasant evening more pleasant and added considerably to the Club funds. The committee is to be congratulated on the success of their undertaking.

There are several thousand "Links" go out each week. I wonder if among all those readers there isn't someone who can help us in the matter of Club premises. We have returned men waiting to work at various crafts and work waiting for them, but "premises" is the present stumbling block. This Club is strictly non-political, non-sectarian.

All instructors give their work free. Some of these men have given a great deal. Five men in one class with only one arm each, two who have lost a leg, many lame and all dam-

aged and shaken in some way. Good people who have lived in safety because of these men, what about helping them to help themselves.

CHRISTMAS WISHES.

It's no good wishing for castles in Spain,

It's no good talking of "cheer,"

It's no good referring to best champagne,

It's no good wishing you here.

We've said it over and over again,

All wishes are rolled into one,

"A speedy return," is the old refrain,

A wish that the war was done.

The pleasures we knew in the long ago—

In the days before war's blast.

Had ravaged our hearts with so many a blow,

These pleasures belong to the past.

We laugh, but close to the laughter lie tears.

We joke, but our merriment fades,

In Flanders and Egypt our love and our fears

We think not of parties, but raids.

We think not of picnics by cool shady streams,

We hear of the roar of the guns,

We picture the horror of war in our dreams,

And pray for our husbands and sons.

And passionate tears for the lover away,

Greet Christmas with many a maid,

So what is there new we can think or can say,

What new wish for you can be made.

Lads of Australia, we send your our love,

We love and we weep and we pray,

Our glory in you, all else is above,

We think of you all, all the day.

That you will come home we long most of all,

That you will not come home we know

Till you have answered humanity's call,

For honour have dealt the last blow.

Lovers! Husbands! Sons of the South,

How happy are we to be

Mothers and sweethearts and wives of you,

Who fight that all may be free.

Sweethearts and mothers, sisters and wives,

We bear us proudly to-day,

For lads and graves which more than lives,

We value as Briton's may.

Under the changeless Southern Cross,

The prayer from a myriad hearts,

That you may suffer no further loss,

That we may play also our parts.

—OLIVE.

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MISUNDERSTOOD.

First Man (to friend who has been talking "some"): "Be careful; that man next to you is very religious."

Second Khaki: "It's all right; I ain't got nothing valuable on me."

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Written for the "Link" by ANNIE POWIS DUNN—(Continued).

The little white wharf terminated, as he had said, a sharp curved zig-zag road, which dived down steeply from some wooded heights above, from where red roofs of pretty villas peeped, giving promise of a fair town beyond.

The wharf was crowded with people as if an ant's nest had broken loose, and the moment our boat touched, it was swarmed over with the surging throng. Jolly holiday people, all laughing, they poured over, examining the boat, throwing their caps in the air, shaking hands, kissing, they almost swept the passengers off their feet.

At the instant of contact, we had seen Meph. spring ashore, and there in the centre of the crowd they met—he and Alison.

There they stood, shaking hands, talking joyously together, Meph. in his perfectly cut travelling suit, Alison in spotless white linen.

Alison looked younger and gayer than when I had known him. The two men were really

Have your friends at home seen the Rulers, Penholders, Brooches, Rising Sun, Paper Weights made by R. Chapman (late 5th L.H.), Arthur St., Nundah. If not, write for particulars.

remarkably alike, the luminous dark eyes, the height, the careless grace of posture. Alison's moustache, too, was waxed, and partook of the same fierce twirl as Mephistopheles'. They might indeed have been brothers.

I became breathlessly interested, Meph. had clapped Alison heartily on the shoulder as though he were congratulating him. Alison laughed delightfully, and then, arm in arm, the two men began to move towards the boat. Through the dense crowd they came, quite easily, everyone seeming to move to let them pass. Now they were over the gangway, now perilously near our hiding place, and now——. Mysteriously the sail had disappeared, the grey girl had gone, and Meph. and Alison stood before me.

I remembered him as in the years gone by, every then dear lineament of his face, the flush of happiness, the sudden start as he saw me, they were all there as of yore, and yet——.

Speechless with a cold horror I stood, but he with a deliriously happy cry was holding my hands, saying in his quick musical voice the words I once would have loved, how he had found me, how——.

Mephistopheles had dropped slightly behind, with a curious unprejudiced sort of gaze he stood regarding us. Suddenly Alison made as though he would have taken me into his arms. With a gesture of disgust I flung myself free, stepped back a pace, and with head in air and a sneering curl on my lips, walked with haughty steps in front of and past them.

A few yards further on my courage failed me, and like a hunted hare, I took to my heels, but not in time to save myself from a view of Alison's tortured face, or to escape the diabolical laughing of Mephistopheles. "He-he-he," rang out the venomous chuckle, just as I had heard the Mephistopheles in Faust.

Worse still, as I ran hither and thither,

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not making headway because of the crowd, I distinctly heard a cry from Alison like that of a wounded animal in mortal pain, and then hisings and jeerings from his assumptive brother. Words I did not hear, but that there was a struggle I felt, and was assured of, by the sudden quiet, and the excitement on the faces of the crowd. Down the companion-way I fell, and tottered to the first place of refuge, which proved to be a corner seat behind a stuffy curtain, right by the bathroom door.

There I sat, panting and shaking as if I had ague, for what seemed an eternity. So the grey girl found me.

"Oh, here you are at last, I got separated in the crush, nearly carried over the side, got stuck up against the railing and I saw you. I saw Meph. bring up Alison, saw you shake hands, and smile, and then you all of a sudden threw your head in the air and marched past them. I lost sight of you then. Whatever had they said? The two glared at each other for a bit, and then Alison flew at Meph.'s throat. I wish he had killed him, but they were separated and Alison slunk off and up the road like a beaten cur. You poor thing, how ill you look. Whatever was it all about?"

"I believe he is the devil himself," she declared when I had related the interview.

"Grey girl," I quaked, "is he coming after me now? As he said he proved to me that I loved him, I am afraid he will want to follow it up."

She laughed. "Don't trouble about that. He has had the sport with you that his soul craved. He's after other game now. He'll let YOU alone."

"Why? Where is he? I've hidden here all

this time thinking he was looking for me to make love to me. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Why, when the steamer started again he ordered the steward to pack his things, as cool as you please, and then he went round and sought out Minna, the girl with the flimsy stockings, you know, and he's making awful love to her. The other girls say he's asked her to marry him, and I shouldn't wonder, she has such a queer mesmerised look on her face."

"Oh, thank the Lord it isn't me!"

I found I had been in miserable hiding for some hours, and it was quite evening when I emerged. I did not care to go on deck but went to my cabin and packed, Grey girl helping me, I was quaking so.

"They were such a queer crowd, those that came on at the wharf," she said, "all laughing and cheering at nothing one could see. If they hadn't brought those lovely flowers, I should think it was just a funny dream. But look!"

Grey girl had tucked a sprig of pink heath in the neck of her dress, and her cheeks had the same sweet tint.

"I can't understand," I said to her, "that WAS Alison and yet it was NOT. How could he cry out like that, even if he were in pain? The Alison I knew was manly, at least."

"Perhaps the stress he was going through—or perhaps, as Meph. said, Alison is now an Italian."

"He never WAS," reiterated I, "my Alison was a MAN."

When the time came to go, we waited till nearly the last to leave, and then I clutched

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NOVEMBER 1, 1917.

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(Thursday Girls) are having

CAKE STALL on Saturday, November 3rd, at Rudd's College, Clayfield.

Donations in Money or Cakes will be received at Parbury House.

Grey girl's arm tight as we hastened along the jetty.

Right at the land end, we came upon Minna being pushed into a cab, by a bevy of commiserating companions. She looked more dead than alive, and they were all talking angrily.

Further on, we passed a group of fashionably dressed ladies, who had evidently come to meet Mephistopheles, for he was standing with them, laughing and gesticulating gaily, and they, as the girls had done, were hanging on his words.

However, as we passed, he found time to turn from them to regard us, and leaning forward, lifted his hat with the most adorable smile, and display of his dazzling teeth.

Then I awoke.

A MESSAGE FROM CAYNDAH.

"Home, Sweet Home,"

26/10/1917.

Dear Soldier Boys,—

Think of your home in the most picturesque setting just now. Not "Fields of the Cloth of Golds," perhaps, "but something even better. Green, green, most glorious and pure, and golden sunshine pouring down on millions and billions of diamonds left from the shower of the night before. Can I convey to you a little of the glorious joy? May such an aspect welcome you home as it has welcomed a batch of our Gayndah boys during this last month. All invalided home from France, where they had nobly fought for King and Country. Pte. B. Funnell, Senr., is in camp in Brisbane. He wasn't going to see our boys deserted, so may soon be over helping you. Bless his curly poll.

ON GUARD.

When the Guard says "Halt!" in a wicked sort of way,

You can bet your bloomin' socks, that he's just new,

The cow would sooner wake the camp,

An' kick up little 'ell,

Than stan' behind the gate an' let yer thro'.

When the guard says "Halt," in a lonely sort of voice,

An' yer ticker says its 2 a.m. or so,

If you're wise you'll have a drop of dinkum stuff,

Then you simply gives 'im 'alf an' thro' yer go.

When the guard says "Halt," in a whispery kind of voice,

Take it steady 'cos an' officer's about.

If he shoves yer in the guard tent,

Don't kick up a silly row,

For when the pimps are gone, he'll let you out.

If you think of what I've said, you'll know just the thing to do,

When you're out-without a pass, an' come 'ome late,

But if you meet a Red cap, hop it right away,

For 'e's the bird that clinks you, sure as fate.

TOMMY.

First Labourer: "How're you finding work Jim?"

Jim: "Not too rotten!"

First Labourer: "Well, I think its rotten enough. I've been looking for a job for my wife for the last fortnight."

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